[xxxviii.]

A LETTER FROM A Matron of Rank Quality IN WINDSOR, TO One of the ſame, IN DRUERY-LANE.

Madam;

IN my laſt to you I gave you an account of the ſucceſſion of our Affairs here, without omition; nor am I unſenſible (however you pleaſe to think me) of your Qualification; that is, I know you ſo exact a Miſtris of your affections, that you ſleep not without counſelling your Table-Book or Diary; this known to me, forces me to an ill opinion, and that a worſe, which is, that either you have nothing worth communicating, or that you have forgot that knack of friendſhip and commerce which keeps the World in buſineſs; but I will not perſiſt this way, the Town I hope will never want Community, though the Court be diſtant, and to ſuſpect you were a ſin that I ſhall never be guilty of. I have nothing that's new to ſend you, onely ſome few Remarks of my own; Our Court is a continued Scene of joy and pleaſure, not preſcribed by time of day or night, for they are one, and are but uſed as other Maſqueing Robes in the Great Balls; the Day in Grottoes, ſhady Springs and Bowers, they ſit like *Venus* Doves, Billing and Cooing; till envying *Jove*, who cannot court ſo well, though he ſhould do it with a Golden Showre, talks loud, and with repeated Thunder frights the ſoft fair one cloſer to his arms; the trembling Prey, with Eyes half bent, and Heart and Breaſt all throbbing, looks in his face; the Youth, though no contemner of a Deity, offers protection, and yet cloſer, takes the Charmer.

And

And whilſt the Thunderer larums all above,
He ſtorms below, and gets the Fort of Love.

The night is another Act of the ſame Scene, yet no intire *Broben* Scene, as your Neighbour ſaid his laſt Act was; nor like that of Poet *Bayſe*, for this is all love and intriegue, without ſleeping or frighting. Here might indeed be Uſurping, but that here is more Collonies than Conquerers; but for Seranading, as Fidling, Dancing, and fat Singing. *Auguſtus* kept his Court in *Greece*-Land in Winter time compared to us, yet with ſuch Dicorum, that Guards nor no one is diſturbed, no Bravades, no Marterers of Glaſs; none of thoſe Copper-Captains here, Gold is thought too baſe, to take the Impreſſion of the God of Love; ſo Hearts for Hearts exchange, and only leave the Guinney-Slaves in Hoſtage for the League they have concluded. Indeed Madam, I cannot give you the character of any one intreague, and not leſſen it; all things are manag'd to your advantage, that ſure ſome God directs in each affair, onely your Friend and mine, pritty Miſs *Lay-Cock*, is almoſt dead of a Cold, occaſioned (my Lord imagines) by her riſing to hear and ſee the Serenaders; but ſhe is mightily diſturb'd with it, her Shoulders, Arms, eſpecially her Head and Throat, and what is moſt obſervable, when ſhe is on a Bed, let my Lord do all he can, ſhe does not ſleep for pain; *Album Greebium* has been uſed, and the foot of her Stocking; but that is not the Remedy; you are deſired by her to take the old Lodging for her and my Lord at Doctor *R*—— in *Long-Acre*, the fine ayr and ill Wine has brought a fluſhing in my Lords face, which ſhe indeavouring to take off with a Mercurial Water, turns to a dry Scurf; Dear Madam, if your face burn'd laſt night you muſt pardon us, we were together a knot of excellent Company, and your name was not the leaſt in uſe amongſt us: Old Mr. *T*—— came to ſee Madam *F*——, and brought along with him one Sir *D*——, a Gentleman of great Ignorance, yet very inquiſitive, and as ceremonious as a *French*-Taylor, or a Country Dancing-Maſter, and ſo over-civil, that he would not put on his Hat till the Lady had drank her Glaſs off; Maſter *T*—— partly tyred with the formalities of the Eſq; and partly to leave him to the management of the Lady, pretends private buſineſs with me, and takes me into the next Room, from whence we had the conveniency both to ſee and hear what there was acted after a little pauſe, as playing with his Hat, looking at his Feet, and ſcratching his Head, he ſtarts up, and boldly asked her what a Clock it was, and at the ſame time (becauſe he would not take her word) pull'd from his Pocket a Gold Watch, which ſhe ſo prittily commended, that the Eſq; had ſence enough (with a great ſigh) to ſay, It was at her ſervice; which ſhe graciouſly accepted, and from her Arm took a Bracelet of *Pomander* and preſented the Squire; See (ſaid ſhe) it is not in my nature to be ungrateful, nor in my power to ſhew the bounty of it; ſo tying it on his Arm, offered to have kiſt his Hand, which he prevented, falling on his knee; *The Gods forbid*, ſaid he, *that the Son of a Dotrel by the Father, and Trebubble by the Mother, ſhould permit ſuch Worſhip; no, Madam, let me pay it here*; So taking up the *Martins-Lane*, he Kiſt and bluſht, and bluſht and kiſt ſo hard, that had it been fleſh and Blood, it might

might have Sworn a Rape againſt him. What elſe paſt that night I leave you to judge, but I think that ſhe's a happy Woman that has a fine Eſtate and a Fool to manage, there's one provided for, which I am heartily glad of, though my care muſt be the greater: Heaven they ſay, provides for the Lame and the Lazy, but I am ſure I might have ſtarv'd but for my own Induſtry; but I know in caſe of neceſſity, ſhe's more Genteele then to deny to ſee a Gentleman that's my Friend, however, our time here is very ſhort, *New-Market*'s comming on, I cannot help my Ambition, I muſt follow the *Court*, though I proteſt, a penny's better and eaſier got amongſt the honeſt Citizens, with leſs noiſe, leſs care, and more ſecurity, nay, the the world is come to that paſs, that if a Gentleman ſend his Foot-man with expreſs command for ſuch a Lady, the ſawcy Raſcal will ſee all, examine their Linnen, ſee their Breaſts and Teeth, ſmell their Breaths; nay, ſome muſt know whether their Bellies are not wrinkled, and Page muſt be deny'd nothing, becauſe Forſooth, a great Courtier has that priviledge. Indeed Madam I am weary, and would leave it off, but that I am ſure they would ſay I am grown *Whiggiſh*, therefore ſince I cannot leave it off with my Credit: Pray make it your buſineſs againſt the time, to provide what new Faces you can, and if you can, think of ſomething, if poſſible, to out-doe that Cutting at *New-Market*; if there be a Penny to be got honeſtly, why not we? I have ſpoke to Mr. *C*--- the *Tarter*, to help you with 10 of his *Coulen de Feile*, and pray deliver one to each of them, thoſe that cannot Read may ſtudy the Poſture, which if well done, will look better than a Feather you know where. Dear Madam, aſſiſt my poor Husband in what you can, I underſtand that a parcel of Hectoring Royſters, came at an unſeaſonable hour, when a woman could not be got for Love nor Money, and only becauſe the houſe was unprovided at that time, broke my windows and his Pate, for pretending to keep a Bawdy-houſe and having never a whore in it; but I know not how this can be juſtified, they were not Ignorant where I was. But as to our buſineſs at *New-Market*, now I think on't, 'tis *Bartholomew*-Fair time, and for thoſe women I ſpoke of, you cannot furniſh your ſelf better then out of the *Bell-Conies*, many of them Dance well, and have a pritty way of Singing, I know not whether they underſtand Catting or no, but if you do not provide for them they will go naked within this two months. Pardon me Madam, that I preſcribe Rules to one ſo abſolute, one that has *Pit-Boxt* and *Gallared* from your Infancy; one that knows more names than I do faces, but I preſume becauſe you can forgive, which is the beſt excuſe at this time I can offer: This with the reſt we muſt be ſure to have, one ſtrong Dockt Third Rate, one that has Courage, no matter for his Beauty and Crape, it's good enough; the Guard muſt be Courted ſometimes a good Toſſing before-hand; have a care of a Pin-Buttock, a *Barbary* never becomes a Portmantle for Coach-men, Grooms, Foot-men, and Poſtilions, we'l fit our ſelves at *Sturbridge*, but for the Serving-men, thoſe Jucetos of their Maſters, thoſe *Autum* Butter-flies with *May*-wings, Gentlemen of the *Shedrew* and *Cravat*-ſtring, thoſe and the Genteele Pages, will be content with nothing under a Sopp in the pan. Madam, I am ſure the Houſe that I have taken has conveniency enough for all theſe, and queſtion not but with our endeavours, to make a better time on't then the laſt, New Faces will be the onely thing:

I proteſt, I was forced to paſs one Woman by Three ſeveral names to one Man; this was a great deal of confidence, Madam, but I hope, ſo warn'd, you will provide better; you know who I have here, *Druery-Lane*, *Covent-Garden*, and thereabouts will furniſh a larger *Seragalio* then we ſhall need; and truly, it is nothing but conſcience to imploy them, poor Women! they have had a long Vacation. Pray Madam, let me have your anſwer by the next, and forget not the Rooms in *Long-Acre*, leaſt they be taken up, for ſuch Colds are infectious, and few eſcape them; which will obliege to your ſervice for ever,

M. B.

FINIS.

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